

PAPER CUT

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SHAMELESSLY-STRUGGLING-TO-WIN-FAN-SUPPORT SEVENTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN, REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"IGNOBLE ROT"

FRED VAN LENTE
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MORT TODD
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THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

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TERROR



PAPERCUTZ

NO. 7
ALL-NEW!



TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

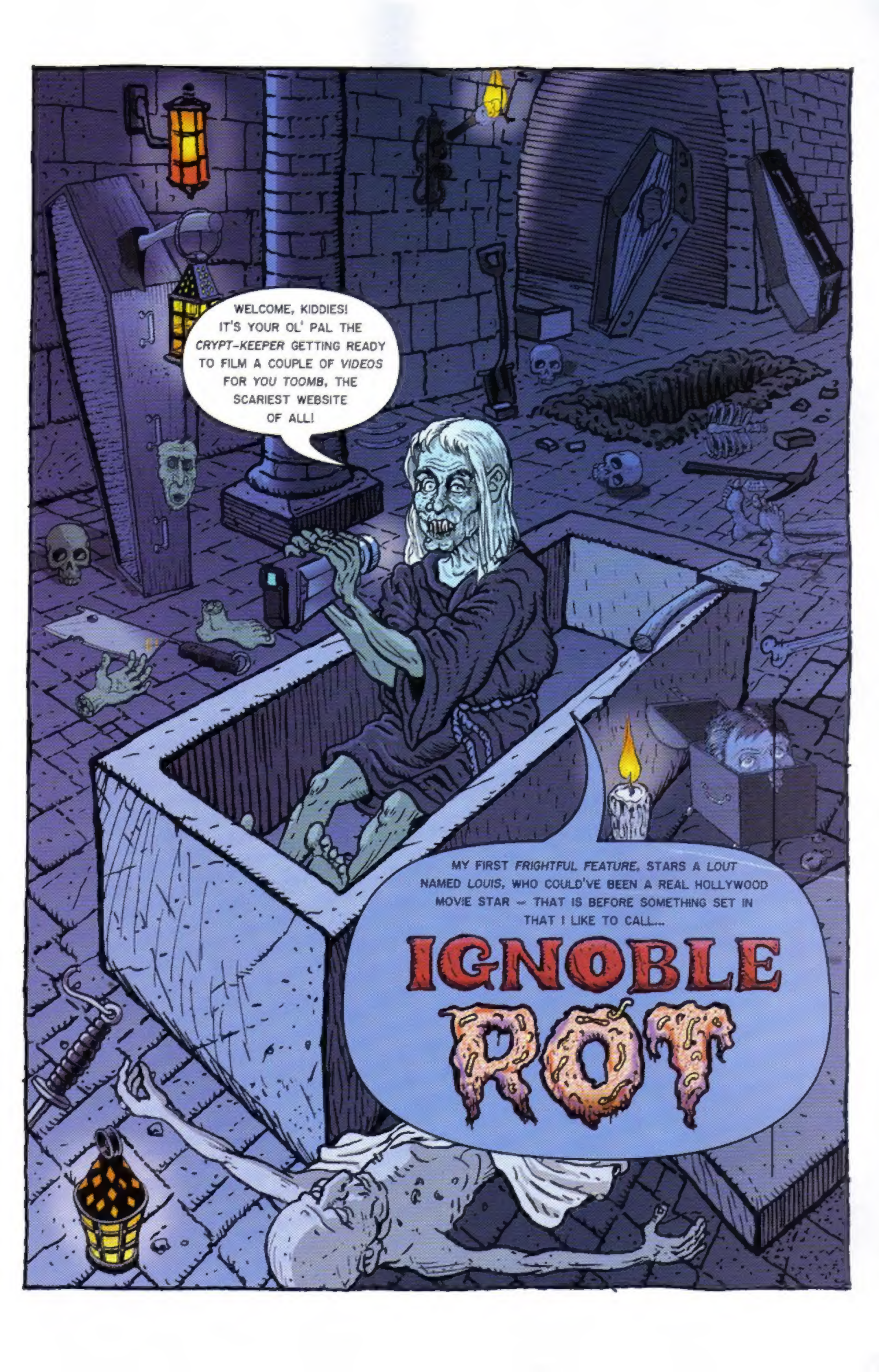
IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
**JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE**
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!

\$3.95US

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WELCOME, KIDDIES!
IT'S YOUR OL' PAL THE
CRYPT-KEEPER GETTING READY
TO FILM A COUPLE OF VIDEOS
FOR YOU TOOMB, THE
SCARIEST WEBSITE
OF ALL!

MY FIRST FRIGHTFUL FEATURE, STARS A LOU
NAMED LOUIS, WHO COULD'VE BEEN A REAL HOLLYWOOD
MOVIE STAR — THAT IS BEFORE SOMETHING SET IN
THAT I LIKE TO CALL...

IGNOBLE ROOT

THE FRENCH QUARTER
AT NIGHT.

YOUR FAVORITE HUNTING
GROUND, ISN'T IT, LOUIS?

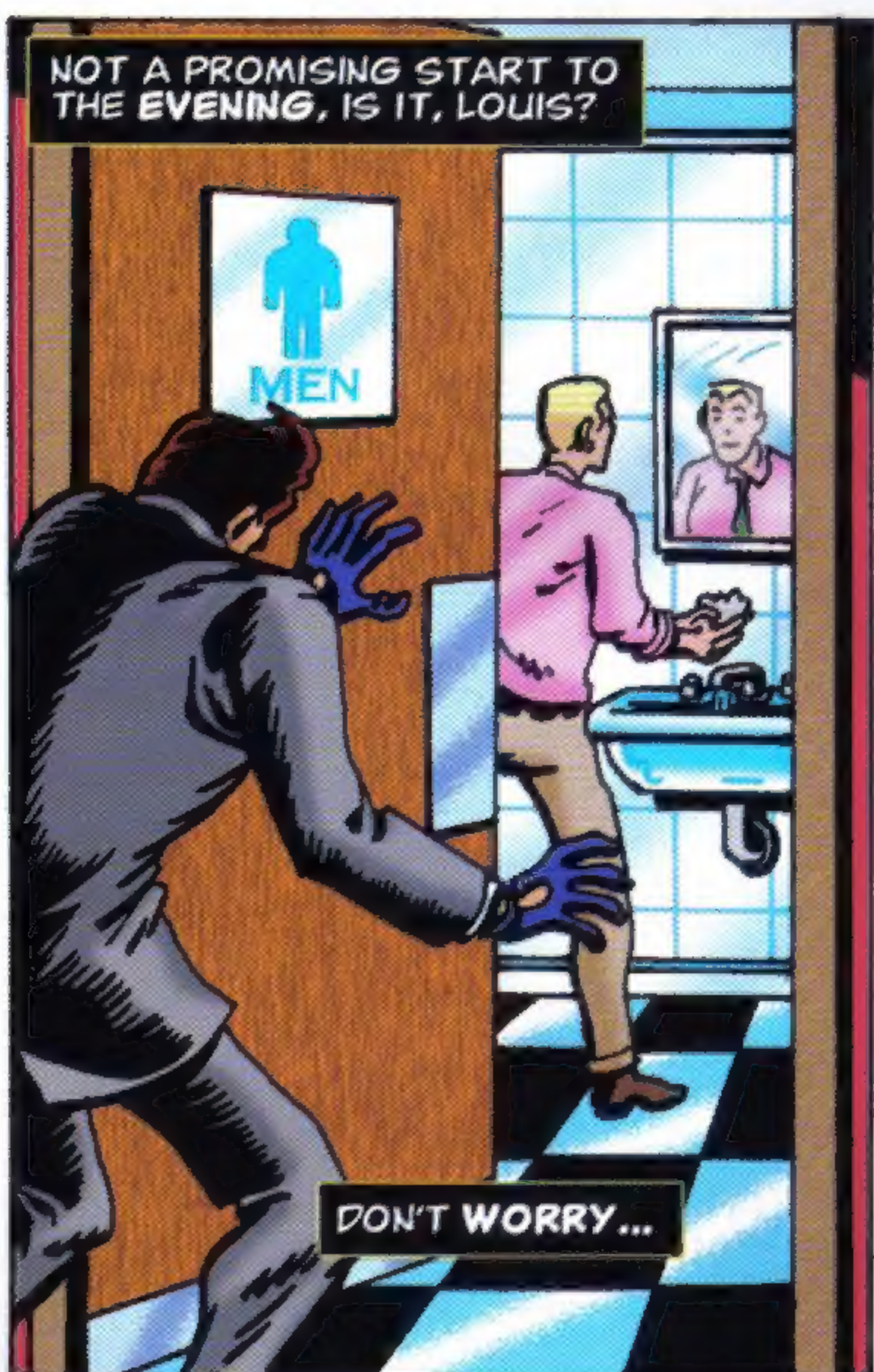
AND YOU'RE IN
DESPERATE
NEED OF PREY.

THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS YOU
STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF
YOUR LAST MARK ARE JUST
ABOUT GONE, SO IT'S HIGH
TIME TO FIND SOME OTHER
DRUNK, LONELY TOURIST...

...ANY WOMAN, REALLY,
WITH MORE MONEY THAN
SELF-ESTEEM...

RAJUN
BAR &
RESTAURANT







...IT GETS WORSE.

AT FIRST YOU
WONDER WHAT
THESE SLACK-
JAWED OUT-OF-
TOWNERS'
PROBLEM IS...

THEN...

...YOU SEE IT FOR
YOURSELF.



GASP!

CHOKE!



WHAT YOU
SEE IS BAD
ENOUGH...

...BUT
IT'S WHAT
YOU DON'T
SEE THAT
TERRIFIES
YOU!

YOU DON'T
SEE **FOG** ON
THE MIRROR
FROM YOUR
BREATH! FOR
NO MATTER
HOW HARD
YOU STRAIN
YOUR
LUNGS...



...YOU CANNOT
BREATHE!


NOR IS THERE A
PULSE BENEATH
YOUR WRIST---

---AND THE SKIN IS
COLD AND **CLAMMY**
TO THE TOUCH---
LIKE **RUBBER** LEFT
OUTSIDE OVERNIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION, NO MATTER
HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMS:


I-I'M...

I'M
DEAD!!!

A man in a grey suit and red tie is running through a crowded bar. He has a determined, slightly crazed expression. In the background, several women in revealing outfits are dancing or watching. A sign on the wall says "DRINK".

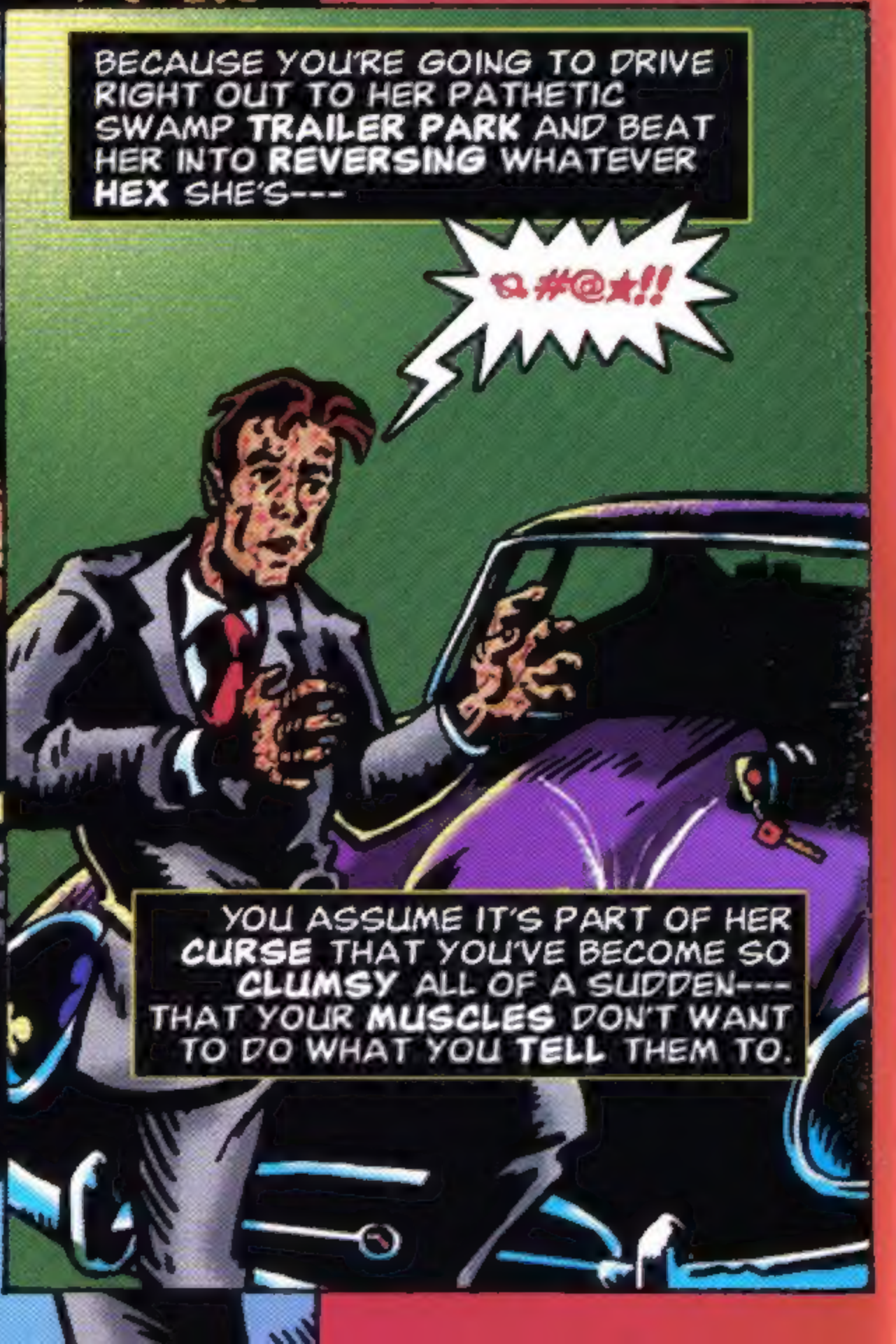
BUT--- SOMEHOW,
SOME WAY---
YOU'RE STILL
MOVING AROUND---

---AND SO THE NAME
COMES TO YOU
INSTANTLY, BURNING
AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT
INTO YOUR BRAIN:

The man in the suit is running through a doorway. A woman in a purple top and cap is following him. A sign on the wall says "CRASH".

THAT HIDEOUS OLD WITCH-WOMAN.
YOU KNOW SHE--- AND ONLY SHE---
MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.

HER MISTAKE, IF SHE
TRIED TO KILL YOU
FROM AFAR, FOR NOT
FINISHING THE JOB!

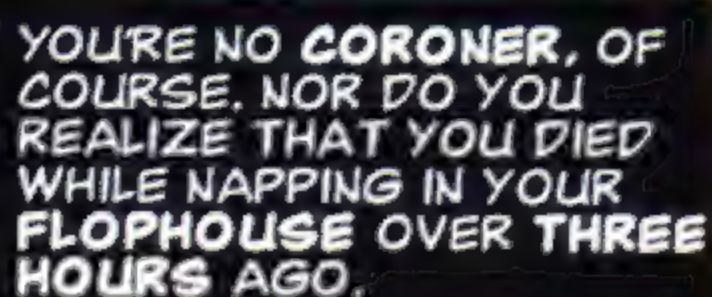
The man in the suit is running through a doorway. A woman in a purple top and cap is following him. A sign on the wall says "CRASH".

BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE
RIGHT OUT TO HER PATHETIC
SWAMP TRAILER PARK AND BEAT
HER INTO REVERSING WHATEVER
HEX SHE'S---

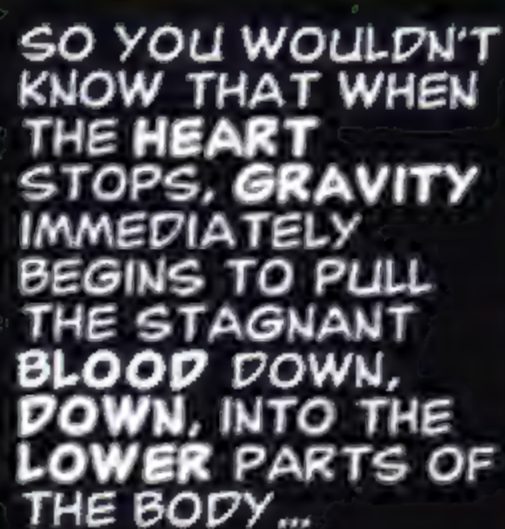
Q#@*!!

DEDE.

YOU ASSUME IT'S PART OF HER
CURSE THAT YOU'VE BECOME SO
CLUMSY ALL OF A SUDDEN---
THAT YOUR MUSCLES DON'T WANT
TO DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO.



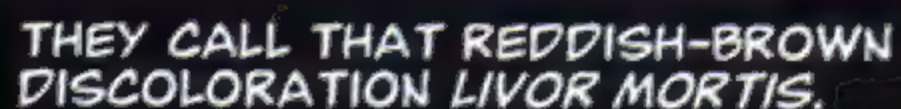
YOU'RE NO **CORONER**, OF COURSE, NOR DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU DIED WHILE NAPPING IN YOUR **FLOPHOUSE** OVER THREE HOURS AGO.



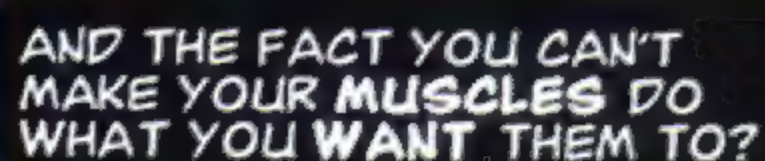
SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE **HEART** STOPS, **GRAVITY** IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PULL THE STAGNANT **BLOOD** DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE **LOWER PARTS** OF THE BODY...



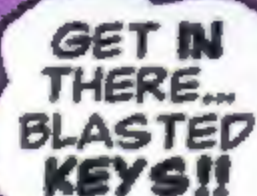
...IN THIS INSTANCE, YOUR **FACE**, DUE TO YOUR **SLEEPING POSITION**,



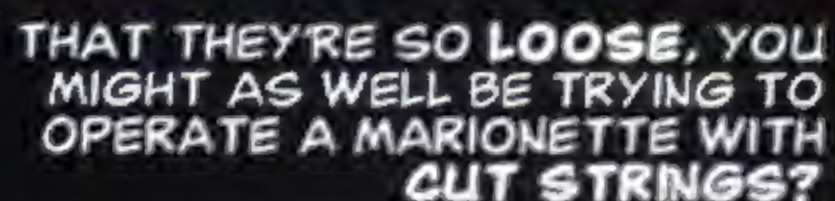
THEY CALL THAT REDDISH-BROWN DISCOLORATION **LIVOR MORTIS**.



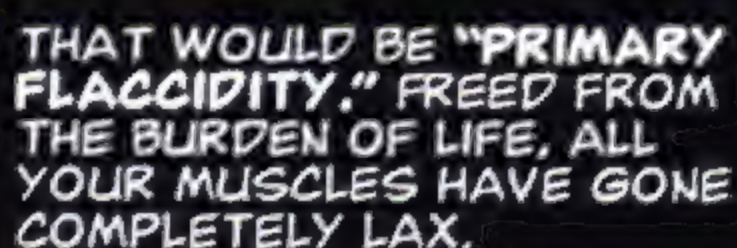
AND THE FACT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOUR **MUSCLES** DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO?



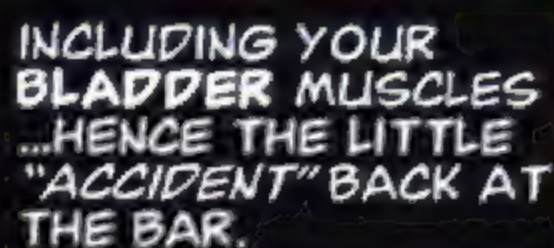
GET IN THERE... **BLASTED KEYS!!**



THAT THEY'RE SO **LOOSE**, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO OPERATE A **MARIONETTE** WITH **CUT STRINGS**?



THAT WOULD BE "**PRIMARY FLACCIDITY**," FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF LIFE, ALL YOUR **MUSCLES** HAVE GONE COMPLETELY **LAX**.



INCLUDING YOUR **BLADDER MUSCLES** ...HENCE THE LITTLE "**ACCIDENT**" BACK AT THE **BAR**.



SKREEECH



BUT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY OF THAT.

ALL YOU DO KNOW IS THAT THIS IS DEDE'S FAULT.

DEDE'S--- AND CECILE'S.

CECILE, EVEN MORE INSECURE THAN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, WHO SAID SHE WAS AN OIL EXECUTIVE'S DAUGHTER TAKING A YEAR OFF FROM BUSINESS SCHOOL AT TULANE...

IN NO TIME AT ALL, YOU HAD HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

TASTE THAT DELICATE SWEETNESS?

THAT COMES FROM WHAT WE CALL "NOBLE ROT" IN THE GRAPE...

...THE PERFECT MARK.

SHE WANTED YOU TO MEET HER PARENTS--- A GOOD SIGN. YOU'D BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES BEFORE... ALL UNDER VARIOUS PSEUDONYMS...

...AND ALWAYS RESULTING IN DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS HIGHLY PLEASING TO YOUR WALLET.

BUT THERE'S
NOTHING A
PARASITE
HATES MORE
THAN A HOST
NEEDIER THAN
IT.

Turns out Cecile was lying
about her background—
she was really white trash
from some Cajun dump in the
middle of the bayou.

...complete with a creepy
old great-aunt, tante
dede, a traitelise, or
witch-woman, who
claimed she had the
power to "strike you
down" if you "disre-
spected" Cecile.

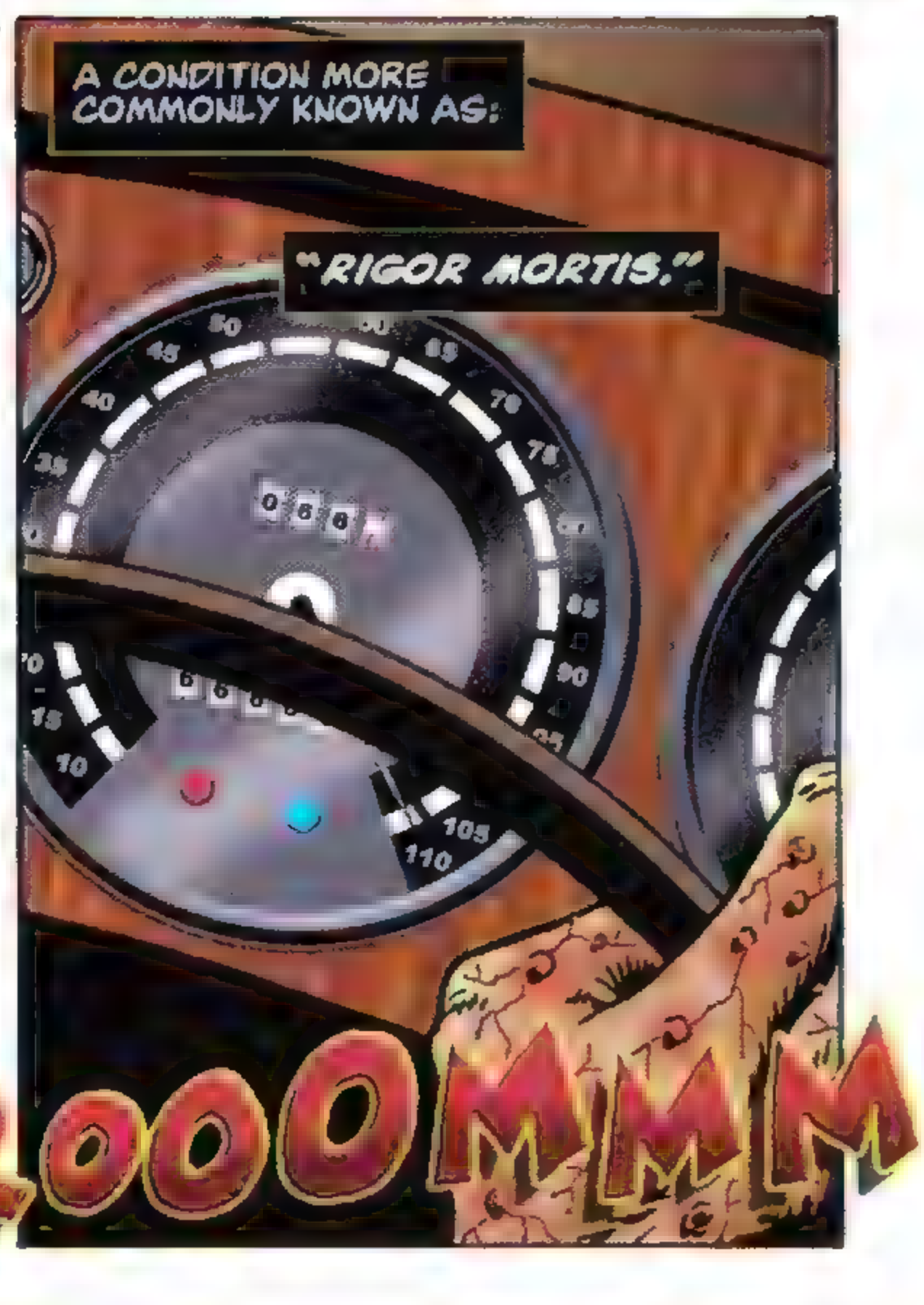
Cecile didn't
think you'd want
her if you knew
the truth!

She got
that right!

Really, you were doing
her a favor—she'd
find out you had no
interest in being
somebody else's meal
ticket eventually!

But apparently
ol' tante dede
didn't see it
that way.

VRRROARK







THUD

AND IT LASTS
A WHILE.

YOU CAN'T SEE WITH YOUR
EYELIDS CLAMPED SHUT,
BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE
RISING SUN BAKING WHAT'S
LEFT OF YOU.

WAKING THE MICROBES— *COLSTRIDIUM
PUTRIFILUM*— THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN YOUR
FLESH SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...

PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU
TO DIE SO THEY CAN BEGIN
DEVOURING YOU IN THE
PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.



THE BACTERIA AT WORK
GIVE OFF QUITE AN ODOR.



A FRAGRANCE
REPULSIVE TO
MOST...



...BUT IRRESISTIBLE
TO OTHERS.



IT GOES ON FOREVER.
OR SO IT SEEMS.

AND THOUGH YOU
CANNOT MOVE A
MUSCLE, YOU ARE
TOTALLY, HORRIBLY
AWAKE THROUGH
ALL OF IT.

WHEN NOT
SCREAMING IN
SILENT
HORROR...

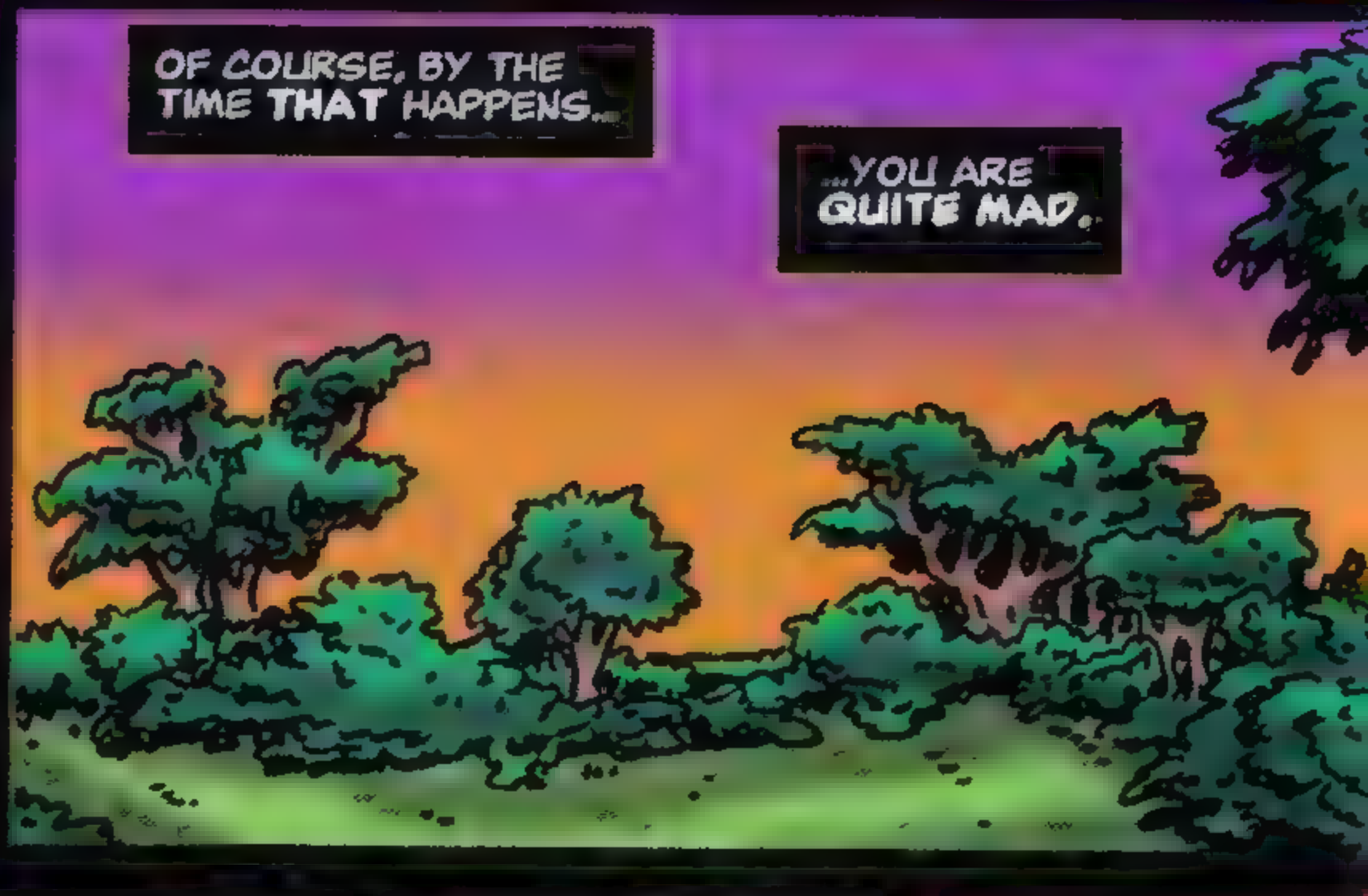


...YOU FANTASIZE
ABOUT EVERY
CONCEIVABLE WAY
TO KILL A CROW.

OF COURSE, BY THE
TIME THAT HAPPENS...

...YOU ARE
QUITE MAD.

YOU DON'T EVEN
EXPRESS ANY GRAT-
ITUDE WHEN THEY
RESTORE YOUR
SIGHT TO YOU.

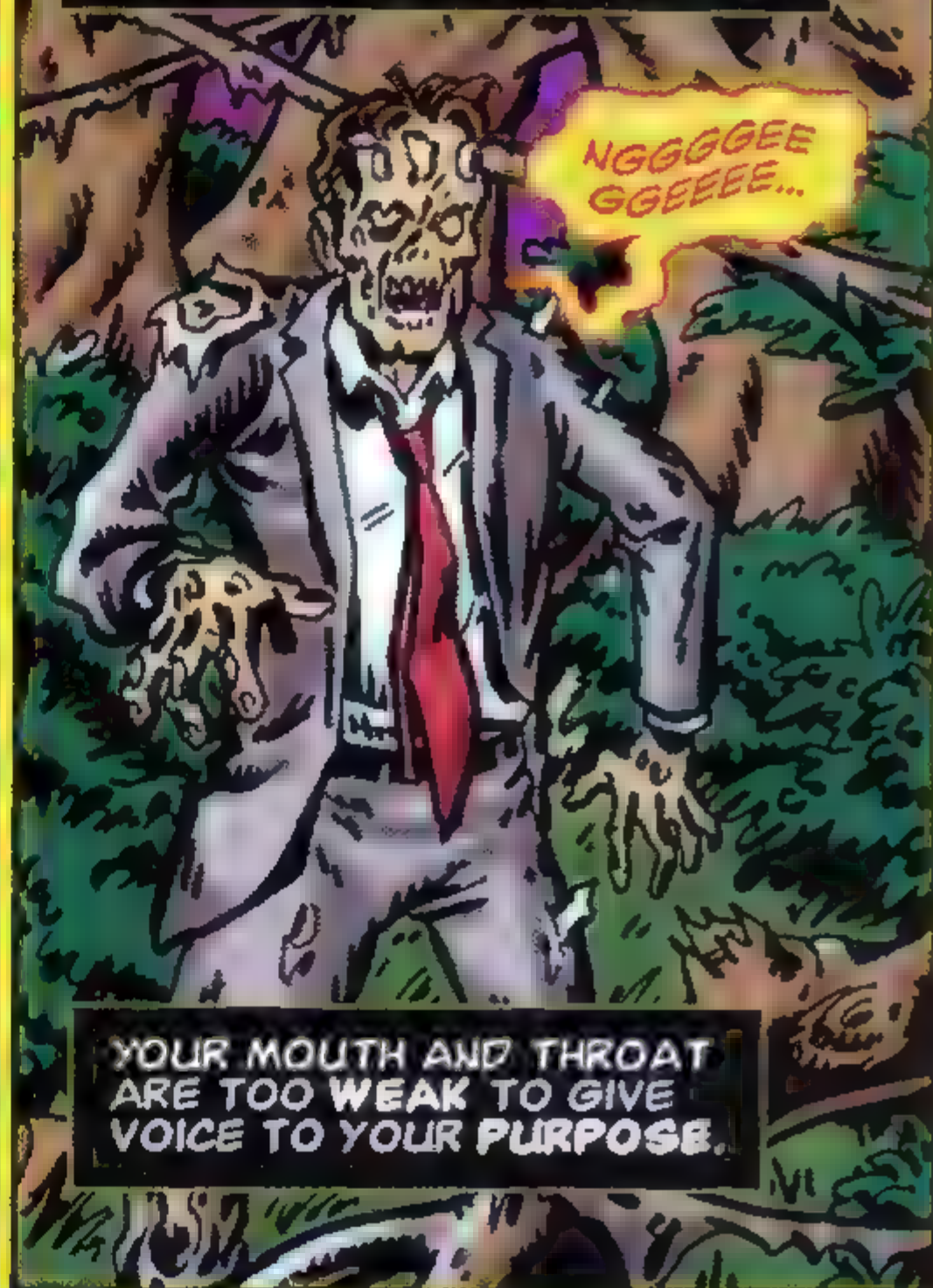


AFTER A DAY OR SO, RIGOR
MORTIS FADES INTO SECONDARY
FLACCIDITY.



SECONDARY FLACCIDITY IS
NOT PRIMARY FLACCIDITY.

YOUR MOVEMENTS ARE NOT
MUCH MORE THAN A SHAMBLE.



YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT
ARE TOO WEAK TO GIVE
VOICE TO YOUR PURPOSE.

BUT IT IS THAT PURPOSE--- IN THE FORM OF
A NAME, BRANDED ONTO WHAT REMAINS OF
YOUR ROTTING BRAIN...



...THAT CONTINUES TO
SPUR YOU FORWARD,
LIKE AN URGENT RIDER.



YOU WILL LET NOTHING
SLOW YOUR PROGRESS.

YOU KNOW NEITHER
FATIGUE... NOR FEAR.



WOULD-BE
PREDATORS...



...AVOID YOU.

THEY KNOW
SPOILED MEAT
WHEN THEY
SMELL IT.



INSTINCT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU'VE
REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...



...WHICH IS...

...WHERE,
AGAIN?




SO HARD TO
REMEMBER.




THE NOXIOUS FLATULENCE
OF PUTRESCENT GASES
ESCAPING YOUR BLOATED
CORPSE DOES NOT HELP
YOUR CONCENTRATION.






YES, YES,
HERE YOU
ARE. WHERE
YOU WANTED
TO BE. THAT
MUCH YOU
CAN RECALL.

HERE, WHERE YOU
WANTED TO... TO
DO WHAT?



BLAST! THAT'S THE
PART YOU'RE MISSING.

COULD IT HAVE
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THAT
OLD WOMAN?



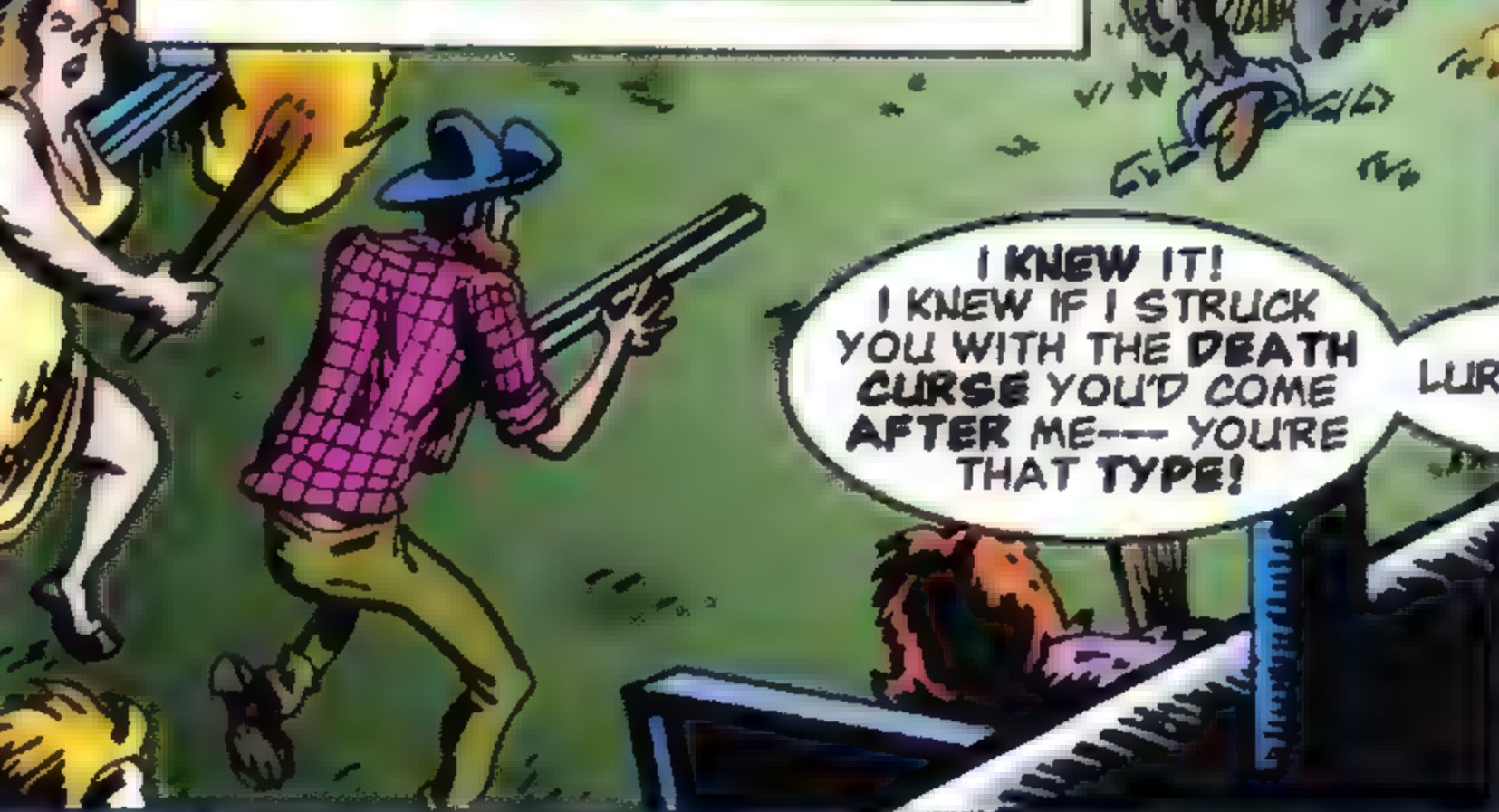
NO... PROBABLY NOT.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER
BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE.

NNGG
EEEG
GEE...



BEST TO RETURN TO THE SWAMP.
THE PRIMORDIAL, ETERNAL STILLNESS
OF THE SWAMP.

PERHAPS THERE YOU
WILL FIND PEACE.





YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE AN
HONEST
WOMAN OF MY
GRANDNIECE!

AFTER
YOU
ABANDONED
HER---



---CECILE
WENT AND DROWNED
HERSELF IN THE
BAYOU!

BUT
YOU AIN'T GONNA
GET OFF THAT
EASY---

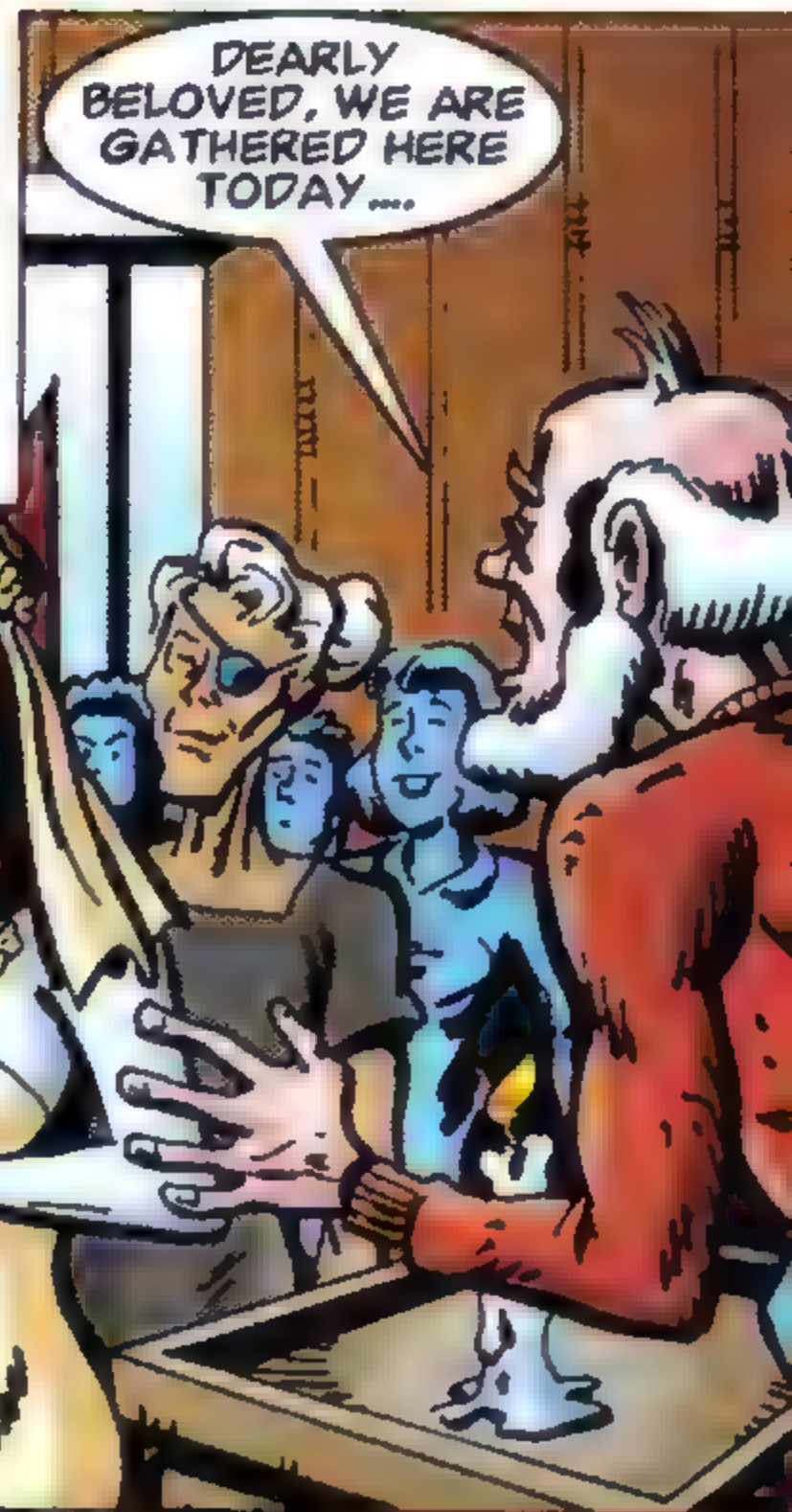


---LEAVING HER IN A FAMILY
WAY LIKE THAT!



YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER BE ANYBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET. LOUIS! NOT ANY WOMAN'S--- CERTAINLY NOT ANY CHILD'S---

BUT NOW YOU CAN KISS YOUR PRECIOUS FREEDOM GOODBYE! MIGHT AS WELL SHED A TEAR FOR IT AS IT GOES.



AFTER ALL, YOU ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS.

UNFORTUNATELY, BY THIS TIME, CALLIPHORA VICINA, THE BLOW FLY, HAS LAID EGGS IN YOUR TEAR DUCTS.




SO ONLY MAGGOTS COME OUT...






IT WAS A RARE HOME RUN FOR ROSCOE LITTLE, MUGGER BY PROFESSION, COWARD BY NATURE.

ROSCOE'S "CUSTOMER" IS ONE DRAGO SAVAGE, AN UPTOWN MAN TAKING A SHORT CUT ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE BUTCHER SHOP.



PERFECT SHOT. WHICH MEANS HE WON'T BE NEEDING HIS GOODS ANYMORE.



A HOUSE KEY AND A WALLET FULL OF MONEY. JACKPOT.



ADDRESS
ON THE LICENSE...
PRETTY UPTOWN
DIGS. MIGHT BE
WORTH CHECKING
OUT.



LOOKS
LIKE A
PACKAGE
OF MEAT...
MIGHT AS
WELL GO
FOR THE
WHOLE
HOG.




LOOKS DARK...
MAYBE EMPTY.
THAT WOULD BE
GOOD.


ONE
WAY TO
FIND
OUT.

A man wearing a dark hat and a dark jacket is looking towards a staircase. The room has a wooden floor, a small cabinet with a mirror and a bowl on top, and a framed picture on the wall.


JACKPOT.

A man wearing a dark jacket and a backpack is walking up a staircase. The room has a wooden floor, a small cabinet with a mirror and a bowl on top, and a framed picture on the wall.

TIME
TO CHECK
OUT WHAT'S
GOING TO
THE PAWN
SHOP.

A man wearing a dark hat and a dark jacket is looking at a bed. The room has a wooden floor, a small cabinet with a mirror and a bowl on top, and a framed picture on the wall.

NICE...
AND IF NO
ONE'S HERE,
THIS BED WILL
BEAT SLEEPING
IN AN ALLEY.

A man wearing a dark hat and a dark jacket is looking at a rack of clothes. The room has a wooden floor, a small cabinet with a mirror and a bowl on top, and a framed picture on the wall.

ALL
MEN'S CLOTHES...
MUST LIVE ALONE.
THIS GETS BETTER
AND BETTER.



TIME
TO FIND THE
KITCHEN,
CHECK OUT
WHAT'S FOR
DINNER.



BEATS THE
THROWAWAYS
AT JOE'S
GRILL.



STEAKS!
I NEED TO
BEAN ME
ONE OF THESE
GUYS EVERY
NIGHT.



MAN,
THAT SMELLS
GREAT.





JUST LIKE
IN THE HORROR
MOVIES...WERE-
WOLVES.

SO
THAT'S WHO
THE STEAKS
WERE FOR.



LATER...

THIS
IS THE LIFE...
EVEN GOT MY
OWN EXOTIC
PETS.

THIS IS
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR THE LIKES
OF YOU TWO.

SURE
BEATS THE
CHEAP
STUFF.


AN EXPENSIVE
WINE HANGOVER
IS A LOT LIKE A
CHEAP WINE
HANGOVER.

MORNING...
ALREADY.


WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MY WERE-
WOLVES?

THAT
WOULD
BE US.


WHERE'S
DRAGO?




YOU SURE LOOK BETTER
WITHOUT ALL THAT HAIR AND
TEETH, HONEY. AS FOR DRAGO,
HE AIN'T COMING BACK...



OH, NO.
HE WAS OUR
BROTHER. OUR
PROTECTOR.
WHAT WILL
WE DO?




I'M IN
CHARGE NOW.
SO, YOU'LL
DO WHAT I
TELL YOU.




HAVE
PITY ON
US.


I'LL HAVE
WHATEVER I
WANT, AND THE
FIRST THING I WANT
IS TO KNOW HOW
YOU COME TO
BE THE FREAKS
YOU ARE



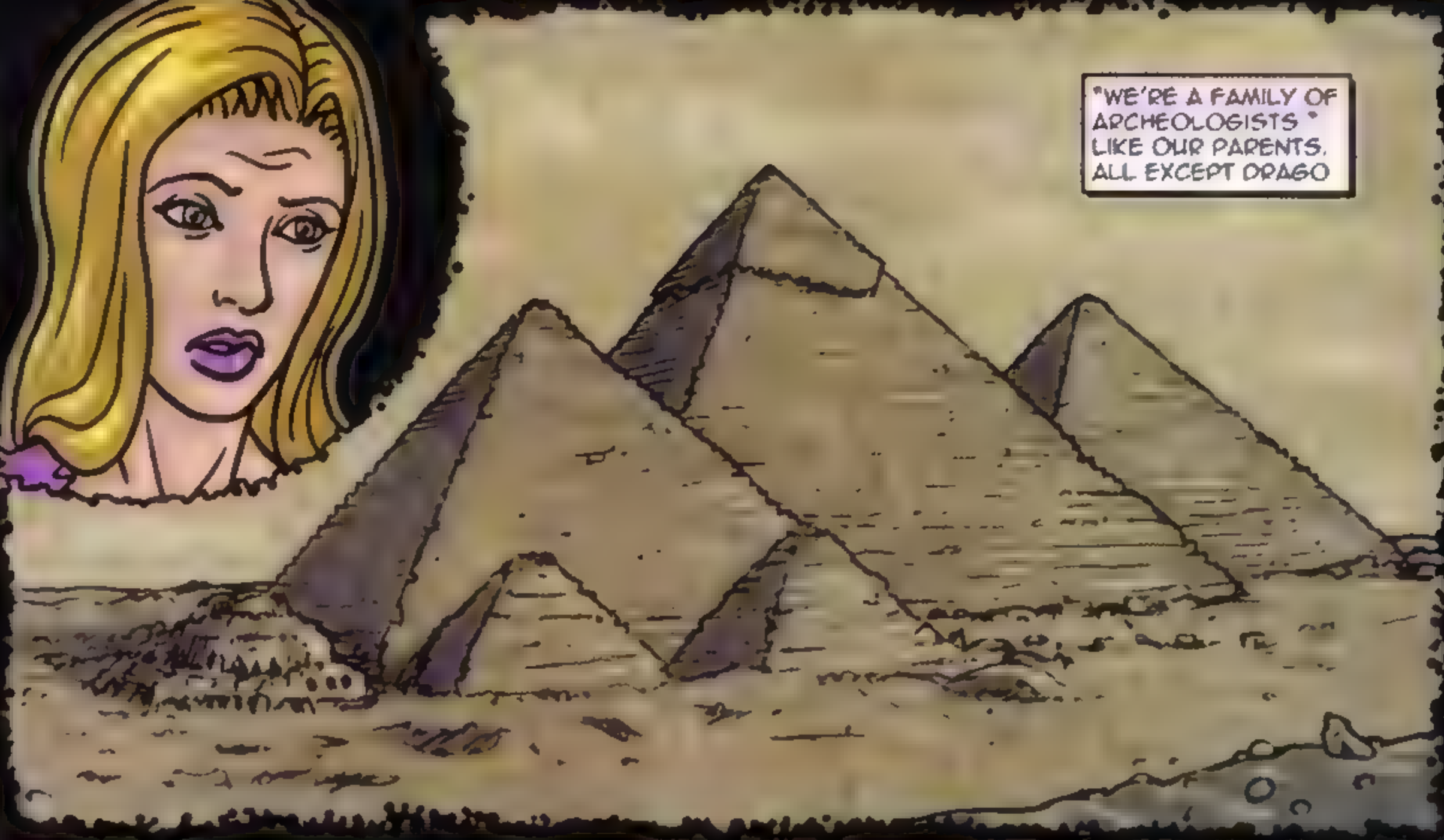
WILL YOU
HELP US
IF WE TELL
YOU?




I MIGHT,
YOU NEVER
KNOW. TELL
ME.



"WE'RE A FAMILY OF
ARCHEOLOGISTS"
LIKE OUR PARENTS.
ALL EXCEPT DRAGO



"WE DISCOVERED AN UNDISTURBED
TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.
A LOCAL TOLD US OF THE PLACE.
HE WOULD ONLY TAKE US THERE
WHEN IT WAS NEAR NIGHT.



IT'S THE
SYMBOL OF
ANUBIS.

MOST
DEFINITELY.



IT'S A CURSE
OF SOME KIND.
SAYS ANUBIS WILL
SEND HIS MINIONS
TO AVENGE HIM IF
THE TOMB IS
OPENED.

RIDICULOUS,
OF COURSE.
OPEN IT.



TO HELL WITH
ARCHEOLOGY!
WE CAN MAKE A
FORTUNE.

"WE WERE OVERCOME WITH GREED.



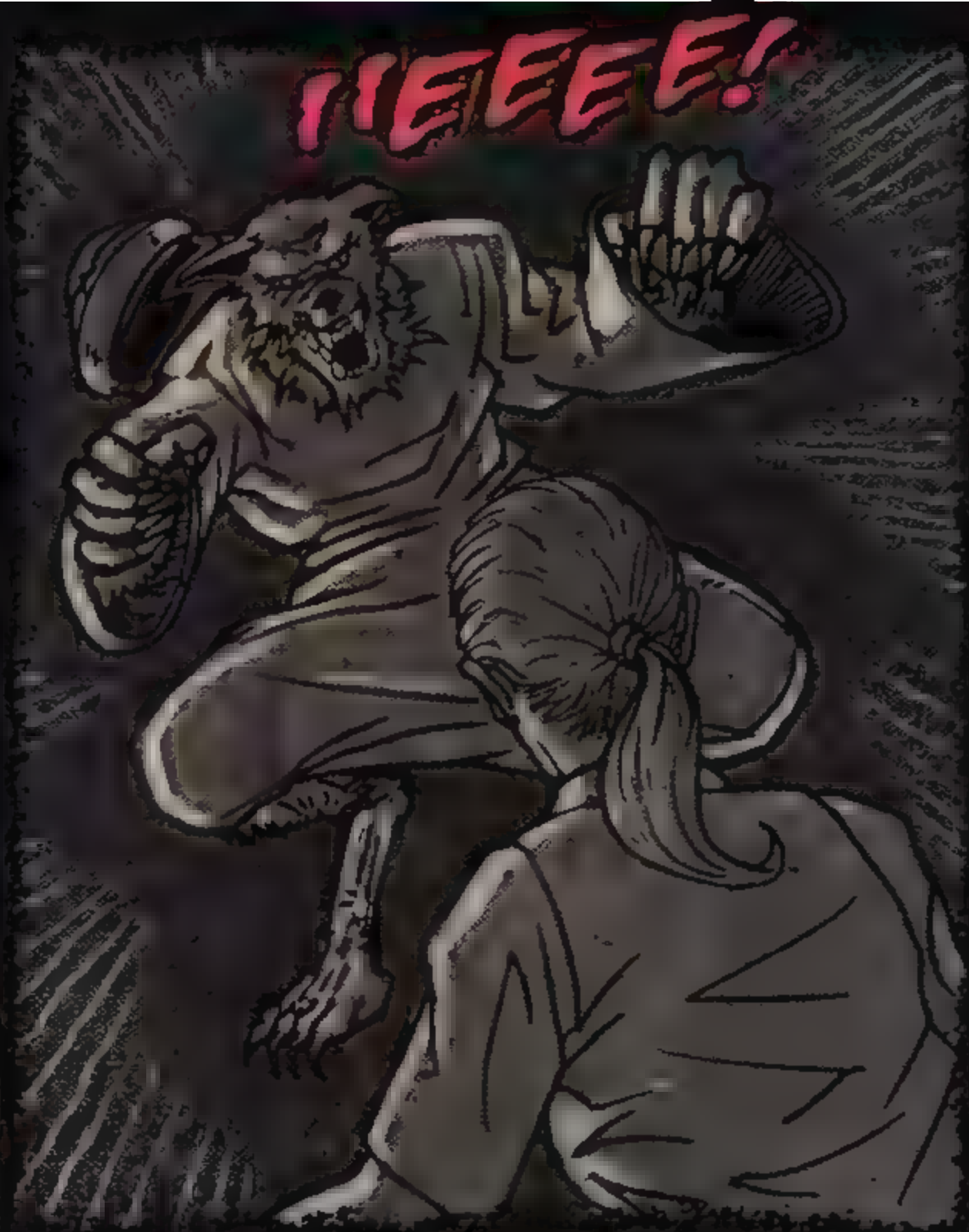
THE
MOON IS UP...
AND YOUR
PATH IS
BLOCKED.

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I AM A
GUARDIAN
OF THIS TOMB
NOW YOU WILL
BE PUNISHED
FOR YOUR
INVASION.



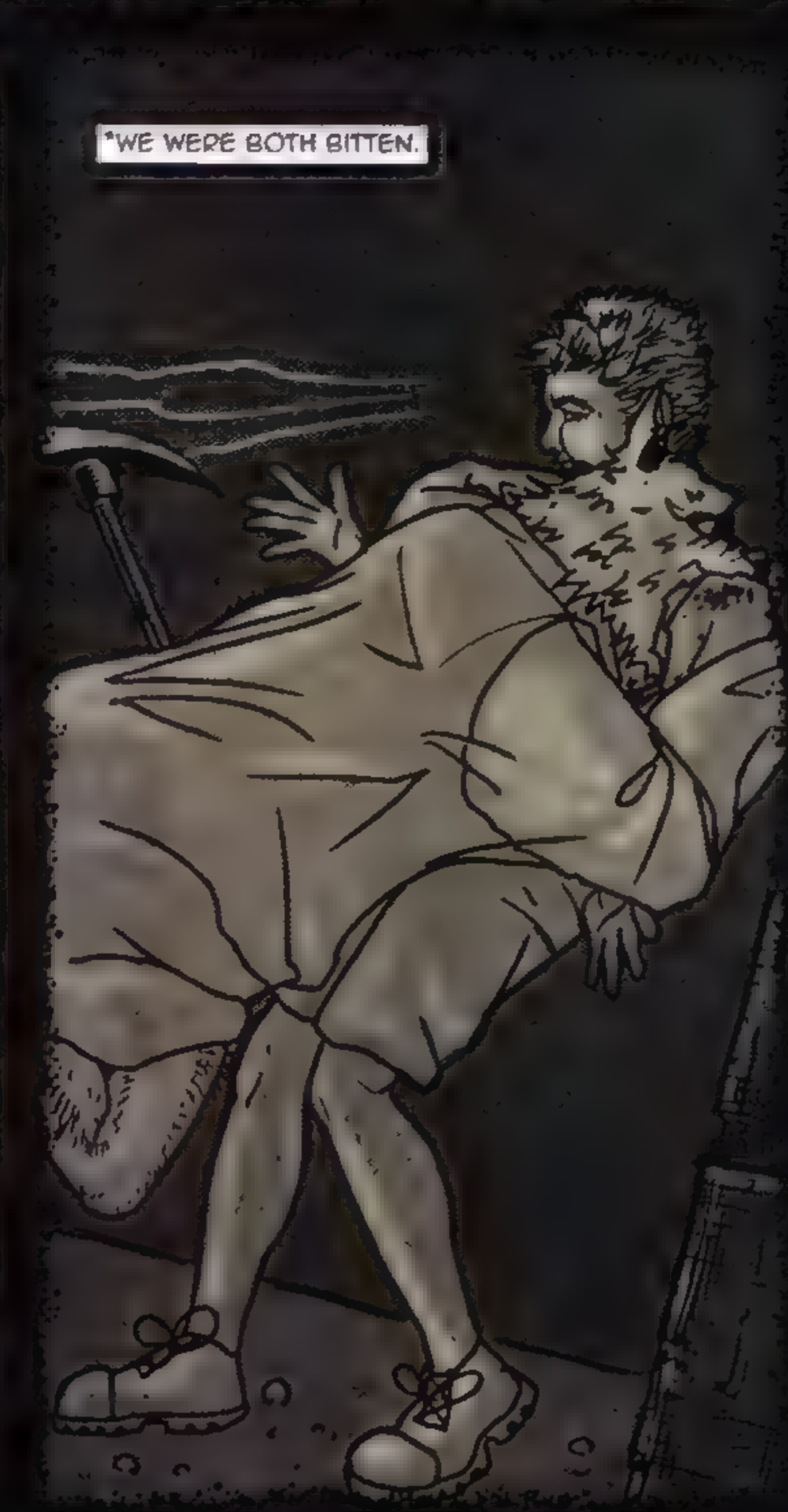
WEEEE!



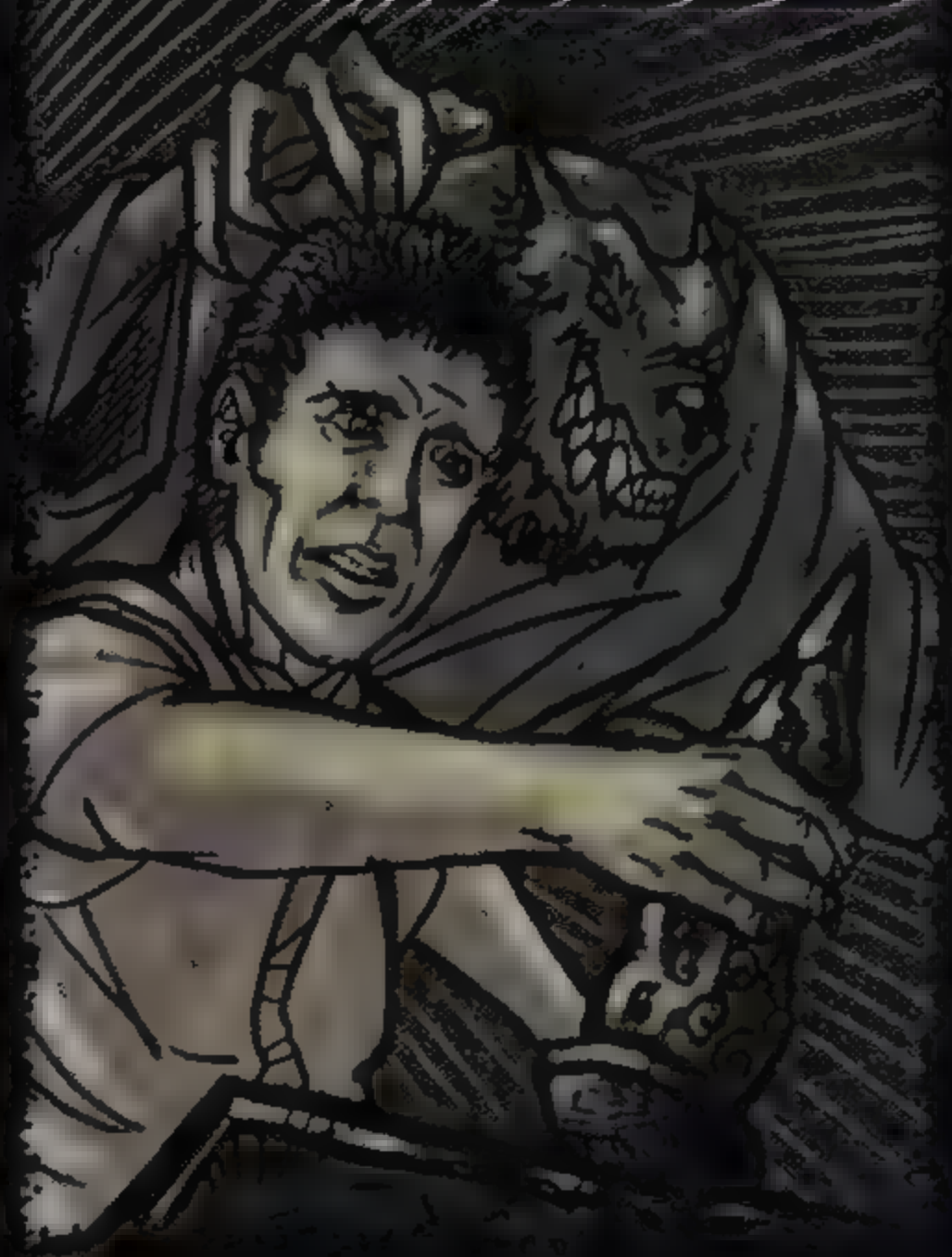
"I WAS BITTEN.



"WE WERE BOTH BITTEN.



"BLIT BY ACCIDENT WE FOUND
THE BEAST'S ACHILLE'S HEEL.



"IT WAS SILVER.



"WHEN IT WAS DEAD, WE GAVE
UP ON THE PLACE AND FLED.



"WHEN WE RETURNED HOME
THE CURSE KICKED IN. AND WE
BECAME AS YOU SAW US."






HOW
COME
YOU'RE
IN THESE
CAGES?

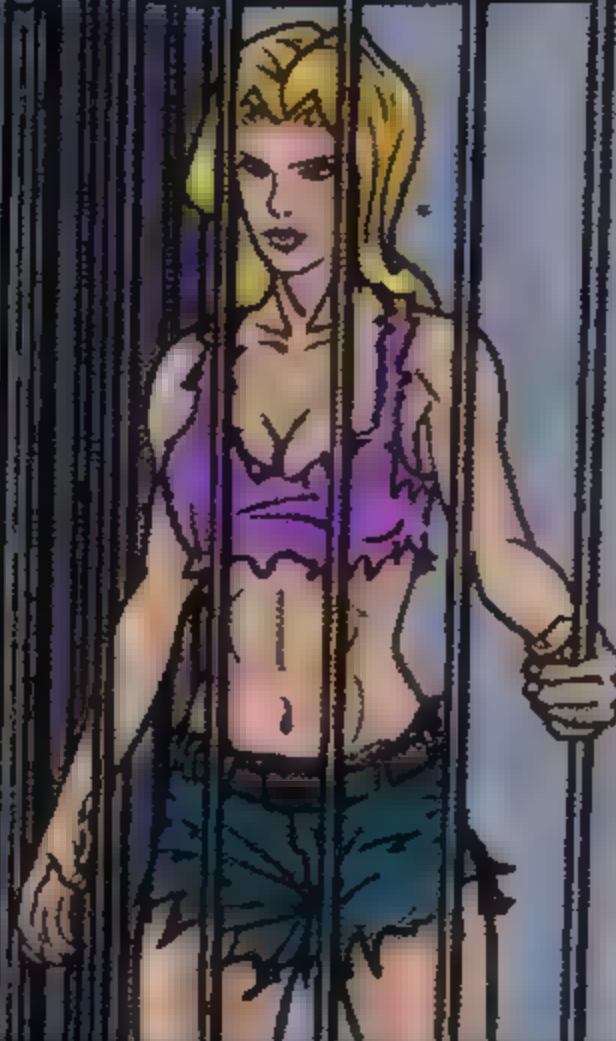
TO KEEP US
SAFE, AND
TO KEEP OTHERS
SAFE. JUST BEFORE
DAYLIGHT, DRAGO
SETS US FREE.

BUT
AT NIGHT,
WE STAY
IN THESE
CAGES.



WELL, HE
AIN'T HERE FOR
THAT NOW, IS HE?
I LIKE YOU RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE.

AND IF
YOU'RE A GOOD
LITTLE BOY AND
GIRL, I MIGHT JUST
KEEP FEEDING YOU...
SCRAPS, OF COURSE.
MIGHT GET YOU
MATCHING FLEA
COLLARS.



HA! HA! HA!



BUT IN THE
MEANTIME, I'M
GOING TO LOOT
THIS JOINT SIX
WAYS FROM
SUNDAY.

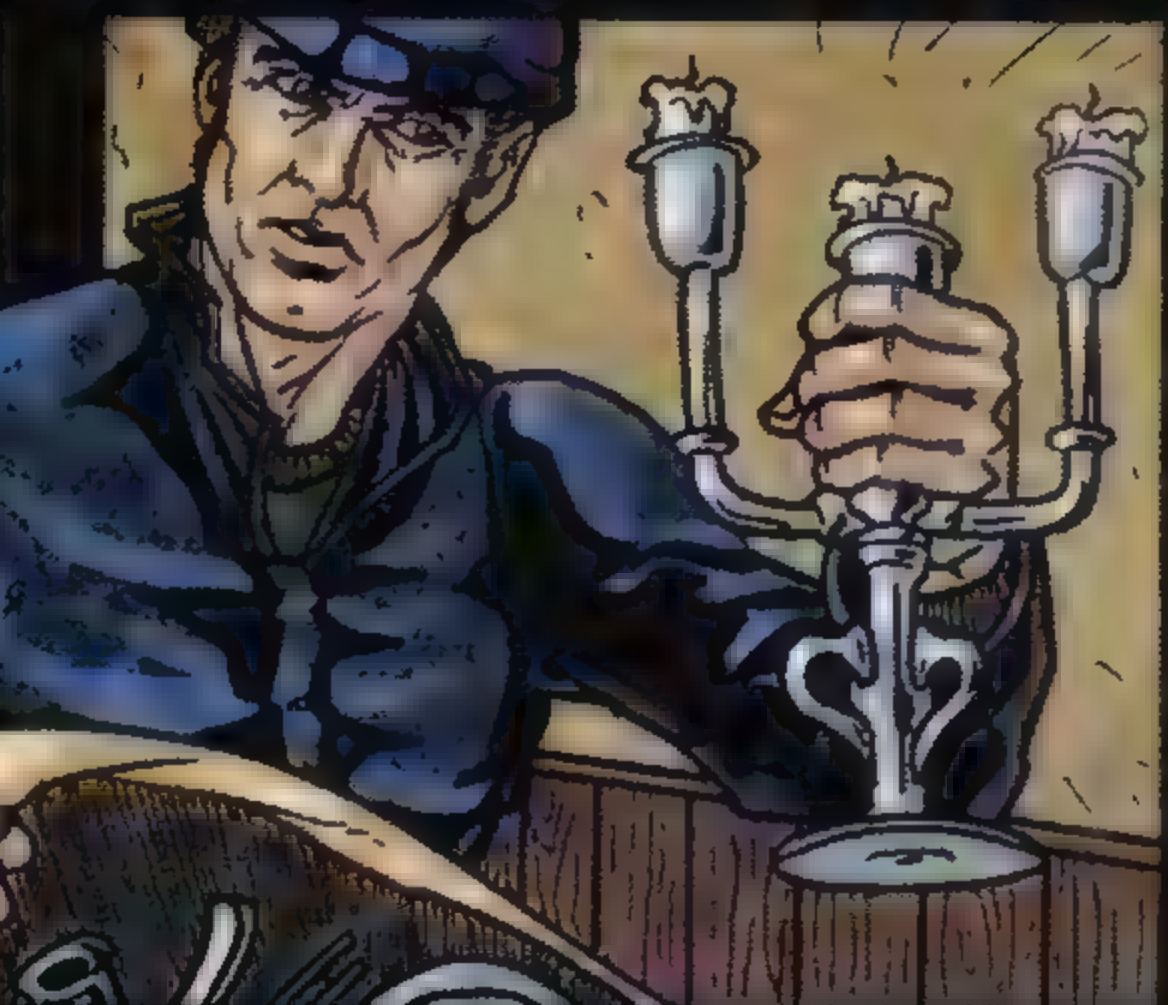
ROSCOE MADE A NUMBER OF
TRIPS TO THE PAWNSHOP.



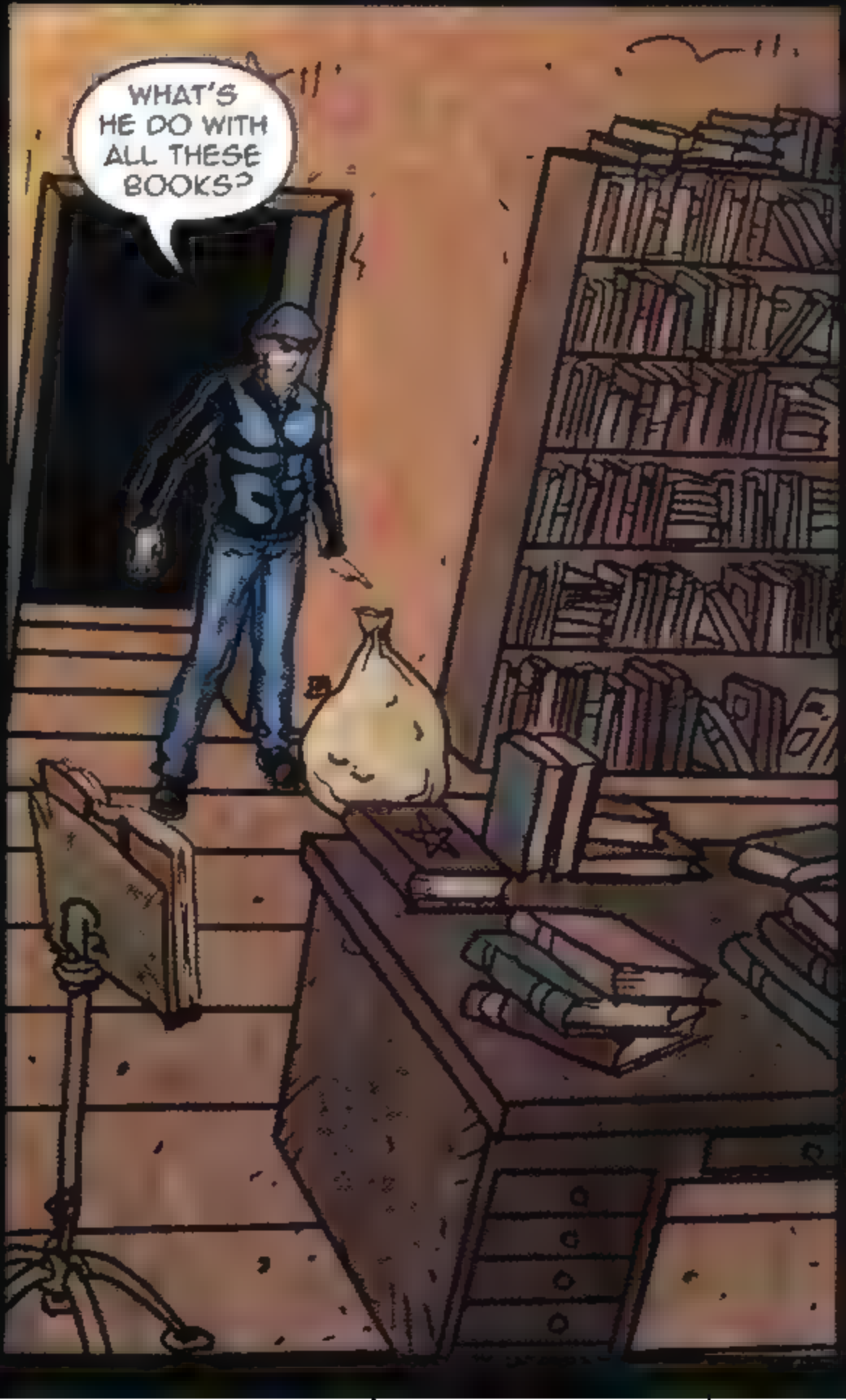
LAYAWAY
Up to 6 Months



HE WENT METHODICALLY
FROM ROOM TO ROOM.



WHAT'S
HE DO WITH
ALL THESE
BOOKS?





HEY,
THIS IS
ABOUT WERE-
WOLVES AND
VAMPIRES.



VAMPIRES
CAN'T STAND
CROSSES, DAYLIGHT
AND THE WOOD FROM
A HAWTHORN TREE.
BUT WHAT I GOT IS
WEREWOLVES...
LETS SEE.

WEREWOLVES
ARE SUBJECT
TO DISPATCH
BY ANY MEANS
SILVER

HEY, THAT'S
WHAT MISSY
FANG SAID...
BUT WHO CARES?
THEY'RE IN
A CAGE.



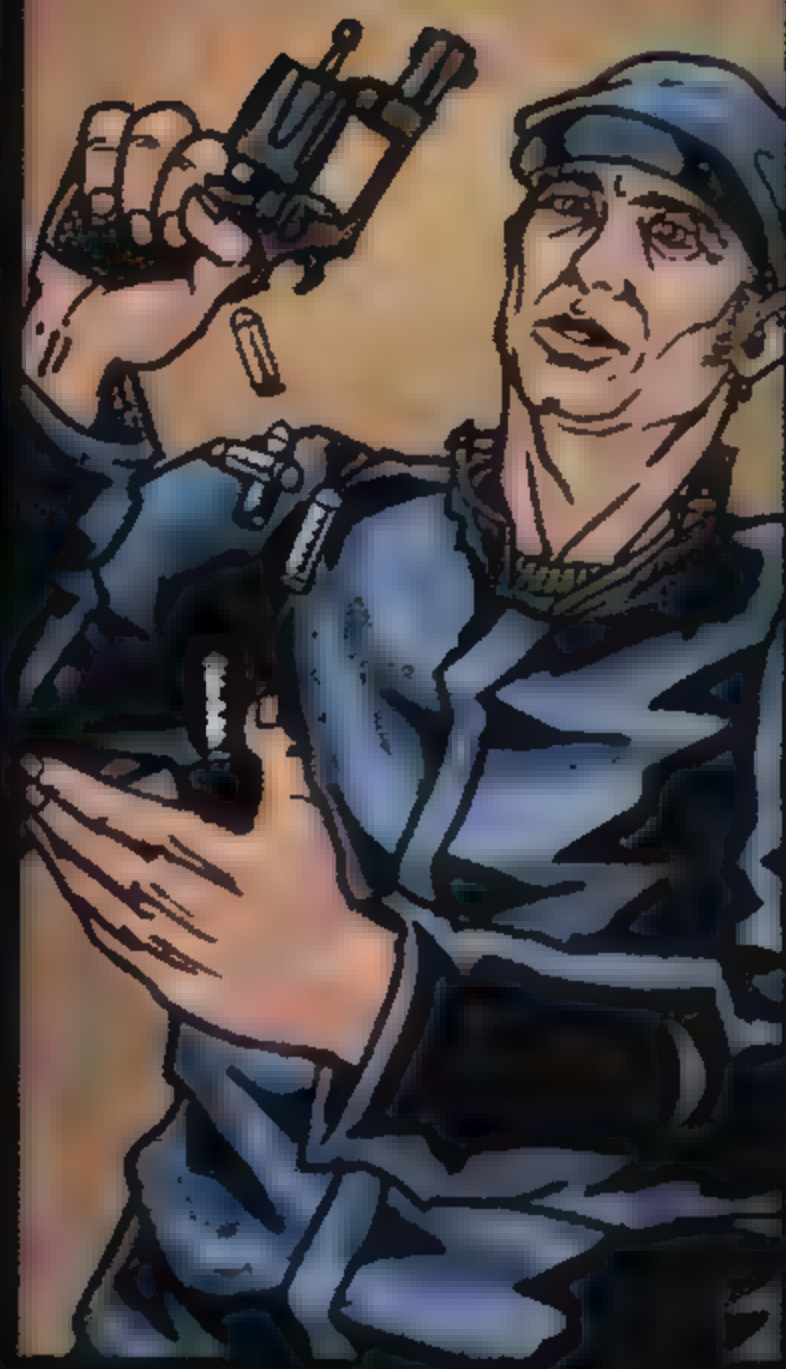
NOW,
THIS WILL
SELL



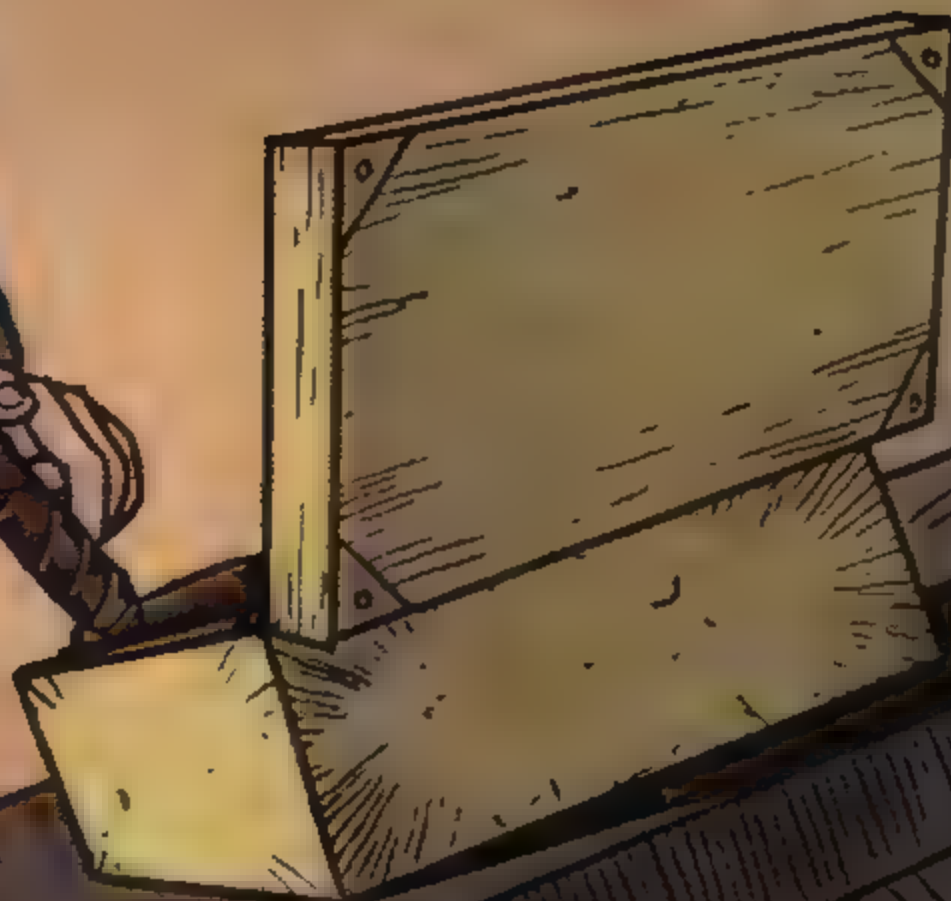
HEY,
THESE
LOOK
LIKE..



THEY ARE..
THEY'RE SILVER
WELL, OLD DRAGO
WASN'T ENTIRELY
TRUSTING OF
BUBBA AND
SIS.



THIS
PLACE
IS ABOUT
WORKED
OUT.





NOW,
TO SEE IF
THESE BULLETS
WORK... DON'T
WANT TO
LEAVE ANY
WITNESSES.

EVEN IF
THEY ARE
PART-TIME
WERE-
WOLVES.



RRRR RRARGH!

AND
BEFORE
I LEAVE I'M
GOING TO GET
ME ANOTHER
BOTTLE OF
THAT WINE!

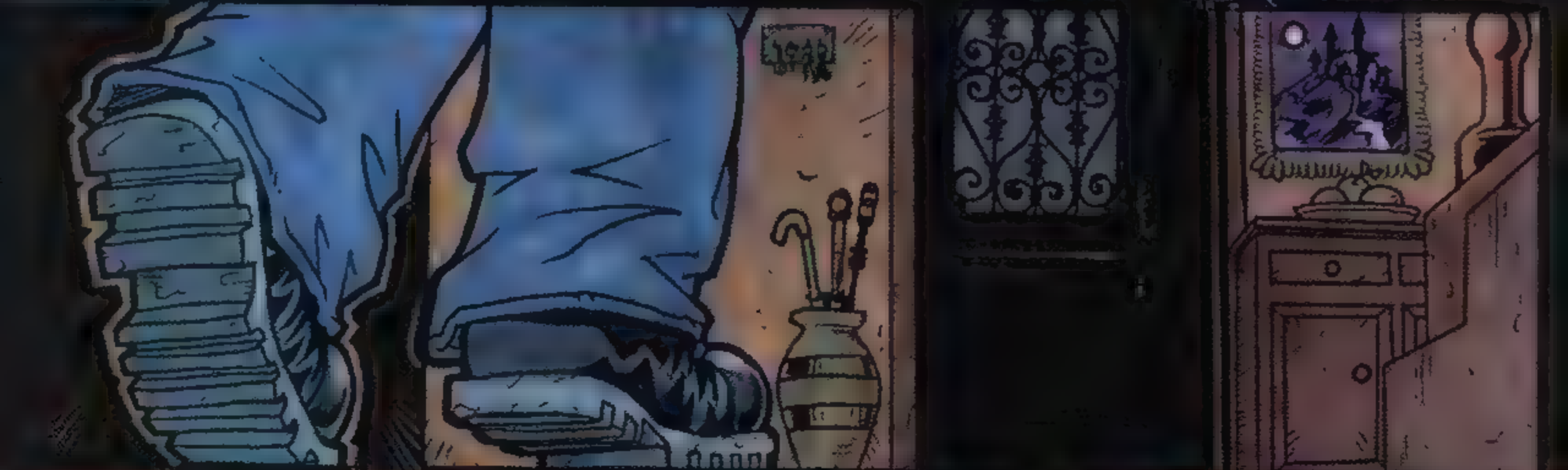


LADY
AND GENT,
TIME TO SAY
GOODNIGHT.



BANK

BANK





YOU...
HOW...?
YOU'RE
DEAD.

THE
CLUB YOU
HIT ME WITH...
MUST HAVE
BEEN HAW-
THORNE.

AND,
YES, I'M
DEAD. I'VE
BEEN DEAD
A LONG
TIME.



SILVER
BULLETS ARE
FOR WERE-
WOLVES.



THEY'RE
NOT
FOR...

WHEEE!!



...VAMPIRES!

THE END



ANIMAL LOVERS,
PLEASE NOTE THAT NO WERE-
WOLVES WERE ACTUALLY
MISTREATED IN THE MAKING
OF THAT VIDEO!

KILLED, YES!
MISTREATED, NO!



WHA--?!

ENOUGH OF THAT,
SCARENTINO!

GRAB!

IT'S TIME TO
SAY GOOD NIGHT,
KID-DIES!



BUT BEFORE
WE PUT THIS ISSUE TO
DEATHBED, I MUST WARN OUR
ROTTEN READERS NOT TO MISS
OUR NEXT ISSUE! IT FEATURES
TWO TERROR-TALES YOU WON'T
SOON FORGET!

GOOD NIGHT, KIDDIES! AND
PLEASANT SCREAMS!

HAHAHA!



Greetings, CRETINS! It's me, your digital camera-toting Crypt-Keeper, with another SCARY SELECTION of SPAM from our beloved fans. Looks like our "NEW DIRECTION" toward DARKER, more INTENSE TALES of TERROR is going over better than expected! Just check out the voting for last issue's favorite TERROR TALE. "A Ripping Good Time" by writers Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lansdale and illustrated by James Romberger, SOUNDLY SLAUGHTERED "Jumping the Shark" by writer Arie Kaplan and artist Mr. Exes. Just goes to show that even today's frightening TV producers can't compete with ol' Jack the Ripper when it comes to the real FEAR FACTOR!

We're also thrilled to announce that yet a FOURTH FEAR-FILLED collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories from Papercutz will soon be HAUNTING your favorite bookseller's shelves. Available in both paperback and COLLECTOR'S ITEM hardcovers, "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #4: CRYPT-KEEPING IT REAL!" features my never-before-seen YOU TOOMB contributions, "You Toomb" by Stefan Petrucha and Tim Smith 3, "The Creditor" by Alex Simmons and Mort Todd, "Dumped" by Scott Lobdell and Facundo Velilla & Alejandro Cabral, and "Roses Bedight" by Stefan Petrucha and Jeziel Sanchez Martinez. The third VENOMOUS VOLUME, entitled "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3: ZOMBIELICIOUS!" features "Graveyard Shift at the Twilight Gardens" by Rob Vollmar and Tim Smith 3, an EXCLUSIVE all-new tale, created just for the graphic novel series!

I could also mention that the first two collected CRYPT volumes ("Ghouls Gone Wild!" and "Can You Fear Me Now?") are both still on sale at better BOOKSTORES everywhere, but then I wouldn't have any room left for your FAWNING FAN-MAIL...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Cheers to you for bringing T.F.T.C. horror back to my local comic shop. I've been an EC fan forever and have been reading your new publication since issue #1. Now I gotta say at first I was disappointed with most of the art, yet the stories are actually quite good and I find myself fiending for the next issues. I just finished reading issues #4 and #5. On #4 I really enjoyed "Extra Life," extreme gamer madness is always a plus. It has a great modernized sense of horror writing and I loved the art. Then "Crystal Clear" another great story for the modern horror reader yet the art is just lagging. On issue #5 "Queen of the Vampires" is a good read and the artwork is getting better. "Kid-tested, Mother Approved" shot it down for me. I enjoyed the story but what a lousy cover, it's as if my 5 year-old son drew the art. So here're my questions: Why only two stories per issue? And can't you get a better artist to represent the Crypt Keeper, the Old Witch and the Vault Keeper? I'm sure most will agree they just look silly. Two last questions -- I'm on the brink of finishing my own horror comic publication. Any advice on how to make it happen? Or how could I get one of my twisted stories and art in your mag?

A true fan,
Doug Randazzo
Long Island, New York

Bribery usually works, Doug!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just got a new Tales from the Crypt pinball machine! Attached is a picture of me with my pinball machine. I really like reading your comic because it has lots of evil stories and it's fun to read.

Keep up your evil work!

Gabe (age 9)

US Air Base Ramstein
(Germany)

PSC 2 Box 11587

APO AE 09012



Now Gabe knows how to get on our good side!

Subject: Crypt #6

Recently, I wrote to you guys and expressed my general feelings toward the first five issues of the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Generally, I was happy with the series but, being a huge fan of the original comics, I was concerned that the new series may not be grisly enough. Judging by the letter column, I am not the only person that felt this way.

After reading the sixth issue, I would like to commend you on actually listening to the input of your readers. This was definitely the best issue produced thus far and this new (old) direction that you are taking is gradually becoming evident.

That being said, I still have a couple of complaints. I was really enjoying "Jumping the Shark," but the ending is a huge letdown. Seriously, "I'm a rerun?" That's it? The entire story was leading up to a pun? No gore, no ironic death, nothing? Okay...at least the art is quite good. Mr. Exes is quickly becoming my favorite modern CRYPT artist thus far, as his work on "Queen of the Vampires" is also solid. In a way, "A Ripping Good Time" is the opposite of "Jumping the Shark." I liked the story, but I was not crazy about the art. While the story is your most gruesome thus far (even though I am pretty sure that decapitations typically involve blood), I often had to reread pages in order to understand what the hell was going on. The murky art style made it difficult to understand the progression of the plot and a more traditional style would have greatly benefited the story. However, if you are conducting a poll about this issue, my vote goes to "A Ripping Good Time."

Looking ahead, I eagerly await issue #7, as the cover image leads me to believe that this will be the first issue with actual gore in it. I also noticed that #7 is shipping in July and #8 is shipping in August. Does this mean that CRYPT is going monthly?

Michael

Saddle Brook, NJ

It's not exactly BLOOD, but we are hoping to KETCHUP on our schedule!

Subject: TFTC #6

Congratulations on the sixth issue. It is nice to see that you have made it this far. Everyone in the letters section seems to talk about the art in the comics and that's one area I can applaud you guys for, the art. While it isn't like the older EC comics, it does have its own style and a look all its own. The stories seem to carry that feel that the old issues have, and that's a good thing.

I do, however, have to give some heavy credit for the cover of issue #6. This cover alone looks like a classic TALES FROM THE CRYPT cover and it really gave me that nostalgic feel just looking at it, serious Kudos there.

I have been reading TALES FROM THE CRYPT since I was a kid, obviously from the reprints, and I must say that it is great to see some new material as I am sure that Gaines would be happy also to see his ideas making a return. It's time for VAULT and HAUNT to make their triumphant returns now, just for the record in my opinion.

I'm gonna vote too. I loved "Jumping The Shark" as it was a well-written story with some exceptional looks at the morality of modern television. I did, however, really enjoy the artwork for "A Ripping Good Time" I just wish the story had been a bit more fleshed out. Either way, keep up the good work and I hope to keep seeing you hacking things out to my newsstand.

The Crypt Faithful,

Jason Greene

Maybe we should bring Jack the Ripper back as a TV producer...?

Keep those emails and letters coming – we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:

salicrup@papercutz.com

And be sure to visit papercutz.com for the latest TALES FROM THE CRYPT news!

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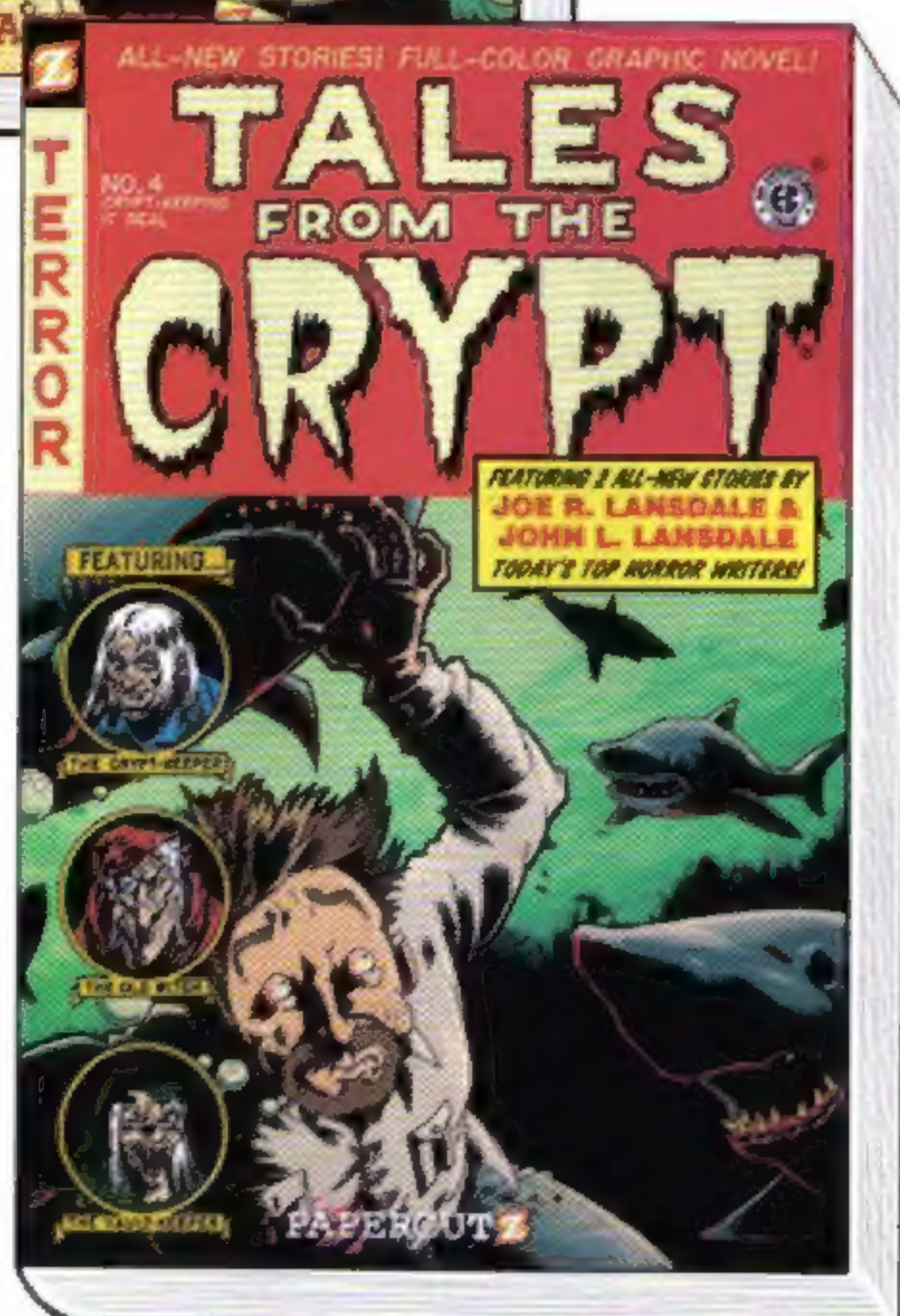
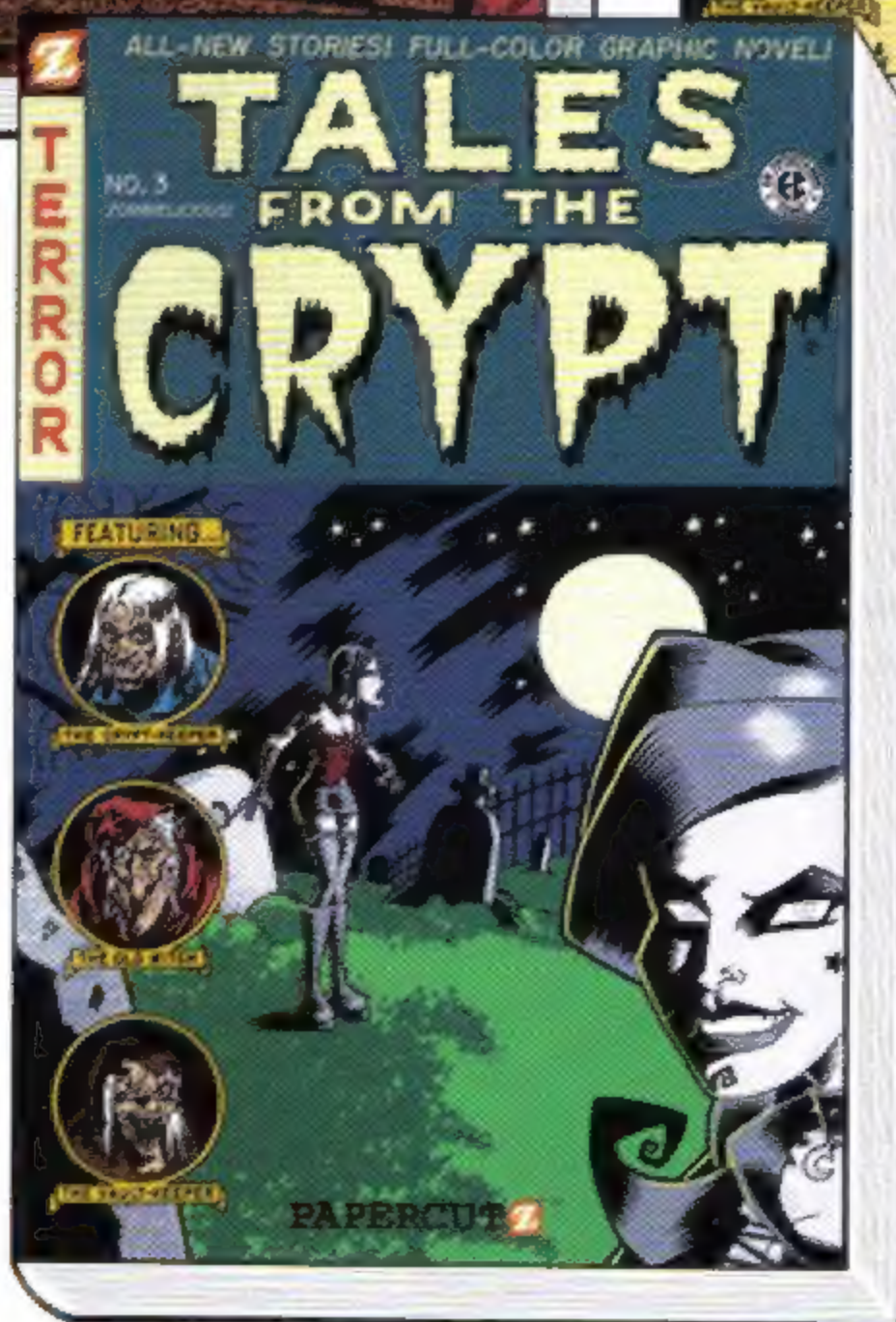
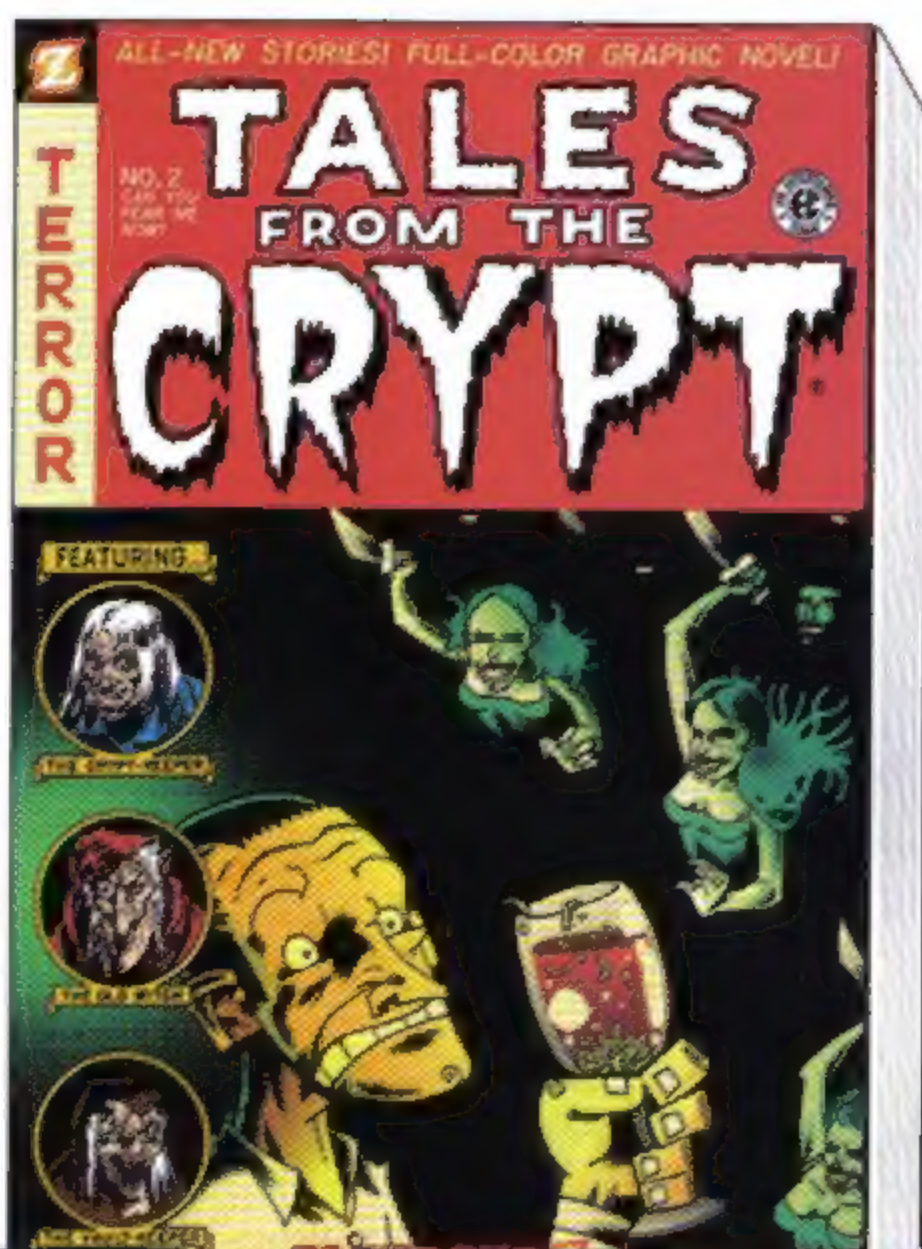
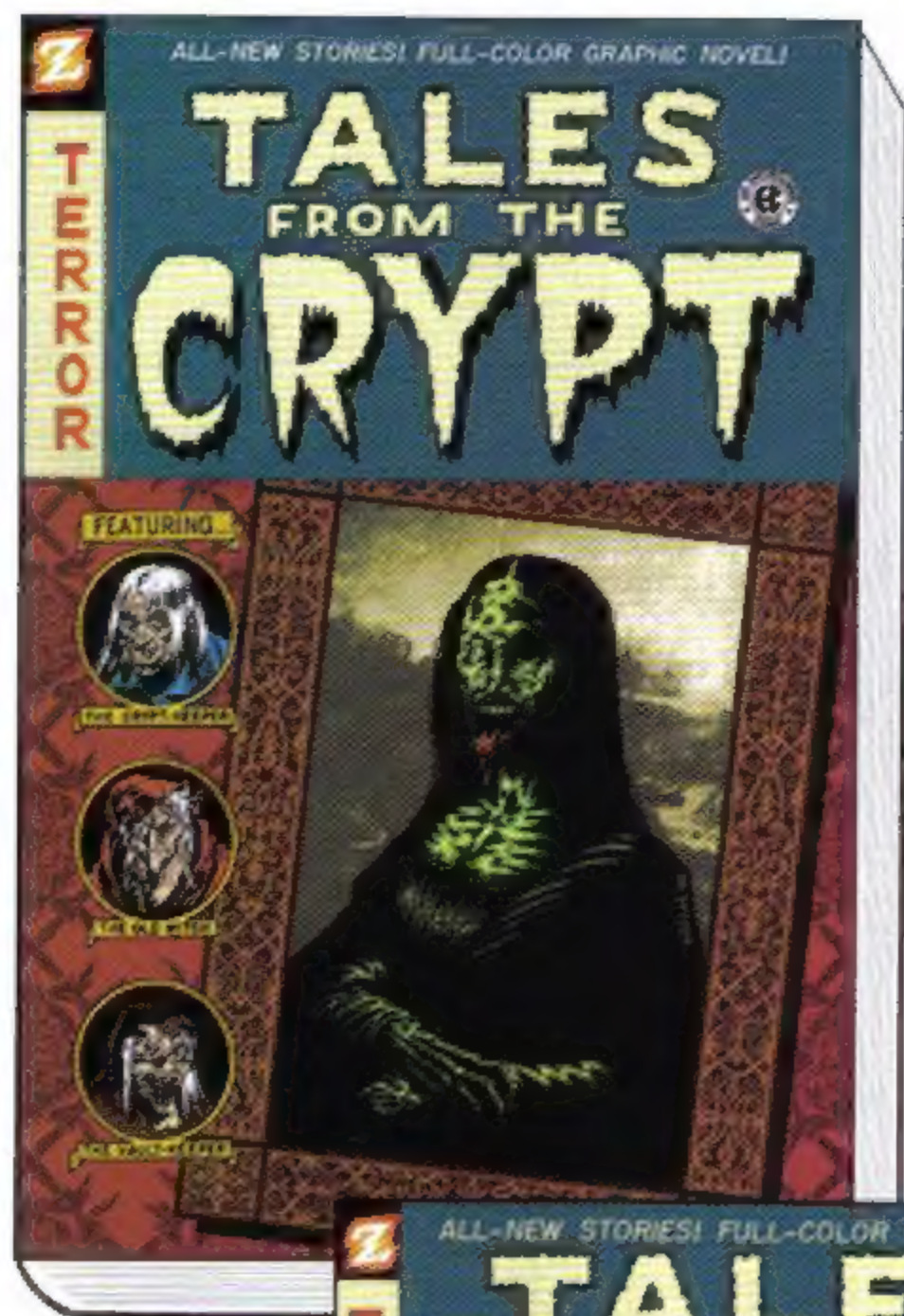
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